P. 84. 848

SHELF No. P. 84. 848

Galatea Collection.
Gift of Theodore Stanton

This book belonged to Elizabeth Cady Stanton before her marriage & was taken with her on her wedding tour to Europe in 1840. Some of the written pages are "sentiments" from her Johnstown friends; but others, especially in the back, are by Mrs. Stanton and are evidently extracts from books she was reading & reflections of her own. The pictures were pasted in during her first European tour.

Theodore Stanton.

Paris, 1897.

Theodore Stanton
Oct. 28 1897

Lord Byron

"But in no production of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in that of the author of Childe Harold."

"His character produced the poems and it cannot be doubted that the life, poems are adapted to produce such a character." His lives speak a language sufficient not even by imagination than consciousness. "They are not those machines that by a contrivance of the artist send forth a voice of their own, but instruments through which the breathes his many soul in tones of a general sensibility." That cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The absolute misanthropy of his mind is not that it is dark shades over his poetry like one of his own mansoleum castles, we feel it to be sublime but we forget that it is misanthropy that it cannot have until it is

abandoned by every thing that is kind and peaceful and happy and is daily and nightly to become the haunt of outlaws and assassins. Nor are there more tender and affectionate passages than those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness.

It is not often we can have our time absorbed in perfection formally before us. but that we have such an impressive representation to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dear and to the finest and most susceptible hearts.

They are the scene of a summer evening, when all is tender and beautiful and grand: but the deeps of shade descend with the dews of heaven and the perfect repose of night on her breast is like the forgiveness and calm, and the dark is not for us the sweet visions of the departed.

Professor Tinsley

Miss Edgeworth.

Miss Edgeworth has so continually combined the features of her characters that the predominant expression is somewhat it should be. She has shown us not riches enobled by virtues, but virtues degraded and prevented by their union with riches. The success of this lady has been great, but had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue and had she added with the Apostle in the name of Jesus of Nazareth we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

From Professor Finsby's inaugural address.

The proper study of mankind is man

The proper mankind

Confidence is indispensable from human nature. Man and woman so wrecked but it has its moments of outpouring — moments when the full heart overflows it — secret fountains, sweet bits of emotions unsuspected — and thoughts hitherto concealed by the grandest known and fearless life — Now & at times and places calculated for confidence. There is no time like evening; no place like sitting under the fire ——

Facility had a boy who at three years of age, was six feet one inches in height

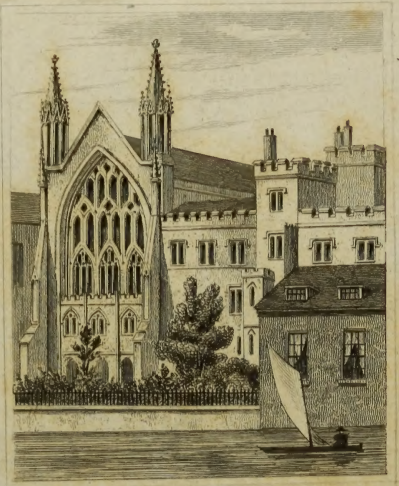
——

To effectually does the sense of being pleased & amused disarm our Gravelli's of perception & discrimination of character that I can only compare it to the taste of certain foods at once luscious & poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism.

Frank Abdallistone

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Drawn by H. West



ST STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, FROM THE RIVER

Engraved by J. Stury

London: Published by Allan Bell & Co. Aug.t 1832.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Niagara

"Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of him
Eternally, bidding the lips of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of sweet praise."

IRONMONGERS HALL

SERPENTINE BRIDGE

Sunset on the Alleghanies

I was a pensive pilgrim, at the foot
Of the crowned Alleghany, — when he wrapt
His purple mantle gloriously around,
And took the homage of the princely hills
And ancient forests, — as they bowed them down
Each in his order of nobility.
And then, in glorious pomp, the sun retired
Behind the solemn shadow, and his train
Of crimson, and of azure, and of gold,
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
And ray on ray, — till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.

But the glow
Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sunk
In deeper shade, — and there that mountain stood
In awful state, like dread ambassador
'Tween earth and heaven. Me thought, it frowned more
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
The accuser's forehead sternly toward the sky,
To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
For thee, — thou raised on cloud-capped pinnacle
To scorn thine own migrant, the dust,
That sometimes eddying on the angry winds
Dotte sweeps thy base!

Say, is it meet for thee,
Hiding thyself in mystery, to impeach
This nether sphere, — from whence thy rocky root
Draws strength and nutriment?

But Lo! a star
The first-fair herald of advancing night

Doth pour above thy summit— as some babe
might gaze with brow of timest innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world
Thine uncondeming glance doth aptly teach
Of that unerring mercy which vouchsafes
Thee light, and man, salvation. Not to mark
And treasure up his follies, or recount
Them secret record in the court of heaven
Thou com'st. Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud
With trembling mantle, his infirmities
The purest natures are most pitiful;
But they who feel corruption strong within,
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the true
Of their own image in another's breast.
Thus the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector. But thou steadfast star
Shalt stand as watch man, on Creations walls
While race on race their little round shall mark
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all
Who through this evening scene may wander on
And from Jove Mountain's proud magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty— point to all
The eternal love that mightily sends forth
A silent teacher of its sacred love

The Earth's Division

The fair earth, it shall be for all,
Divided it at your need!
So, in his high Olympian hall,
The starry Jove decreed.

Each hurried at the mighty word—
The merchant swept the main,
The peasant drove the lowing herd
And sowed the golden grain.

The hunter took the glad green wood,
The soldier drew his sword;
"I win" quoth he "by little good,
A universal lord".

The miser's wealth was little known
He hid it from the light
The king said "Take ye all your own
And pay me for the right"

When Lo! the poet came at last
Late watcher of the sky;
The spoil was shared—the lots were cast
His, only, was not there.

He flung him at the feet of Love,
And cried "What wrong is done
To him whom thou wert wont to love,
Thy fair and favorite son!"

"Blame thou not me," the God replied
"Some land of dreams too long
When earth was given to slumber
Has kept thee and thy song."

"I watched thy spirit mightly lave,
Control the Ocean's flow;
I gazed forgetting in my awe
All that was mine below"

"Ah!" said the God "beneath my throne
Is given earth and sea;
But the high heaven is still mine own
And there I welcome thee"

How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a birth in any thing it loves—
Willis

Love's not the effect of reason or of will
How feel that passion's force because they choose it,
And fewer still when it becomes their duty—
Hay. novel

Love never reasons, but profusely gives—
Gives like a Moonlight prodigal its all—
And trembles then, lest it has done too little—
H More

Love rages fiercest in the bravest minds
As trees are shaken most that drive the winds—
L. Young.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame—
Are all but Ministers of love
And feed his sacred flame—
Coleridge

Love is a fire self-fed, and does not need
Hope to preserve the flame.— Shiel

In vain I strive to part her from my thoughts
To drive her out with envies and revenge—
Still she comes back, like a returning tide,
That ebbs awhile, but straight returns again,
And swells above the banks— Rowe

His love was passion's essence— as the fire
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was and blasted— Byron

The frigid and unbelieving think the best;
And a warm heart in this cold world, is like
A beacon-light, wasting its feeble flame
Upon a wintry desert that feels it not,
And trembling with each pitiless gust that blows
Till its last fire is spent — Henry Neele

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love — Dryden

A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head
Elastic from her fairy tread — Walter Scott

The azure flashing of her eye was tinged
With virgin meekness and her timid heart seem'd
Loath to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers
Knowles

Love has a fluttering messenger than speech,
To tell Love's meaning, his expressive heart
Upon the orbs of Vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look
Is his heart's murmuring. Oh! the eye's eloquence
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy train
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash
The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it —
Colman

There was a small clear lake,
From whence the morning, like a beauty, came
Fresh from her bath — Mrs. Landon

She's noble - Noble one to keep
Embalm'd for dreams of fonded sleep
An eye for nature - taste refined
Perception swift - and balanced mind
And more than all a gift of thought
As though from inspiration caught

Anonymous.

'Tis the sweetest hour of Eve, when all
Is bright - above, and calm below
When save the muttered moan recall
That earth is but the home of woe -
Some look upon the morning grove
Some gaze upon the dark blue sea
Some on the glistening eye of love
I look for thee ——

Anonymous.

Hope is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes. Campbell.

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind:
A thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between
our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the
mind; but alike whether veiled or unveiled the
inscriptions remains forever —

Anonymous

To Elizabeth

If I forget, thee then may heaven,
Forget to hear my prayer;
And may my barque on quicksands driven,
Sink friendship in despair.

'Tis true that friendship often dies
When wealth and fame decay;
And love perfumes his wings & flies
To shun a wintry day.

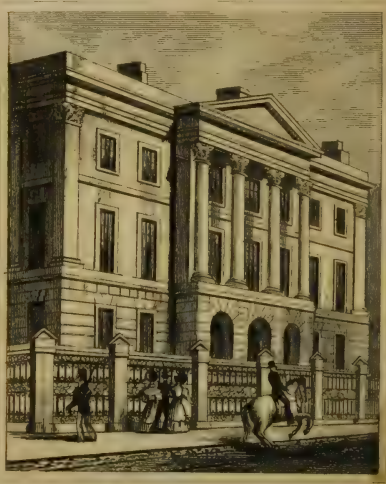
But never shall the friendly tie
That binds my soul to thee,
By haggard want or misery
Asunder severed be.

Julia Gadsby

Washington City
May 7th 1832.

The Eternity of the Beloved

None die but the forgotten. The twin soul
Make league with an eternal memory,
Whose voice is sleepless and for ever cries,
Through the long watches of the silent thought
A word that is a spell, which when he hears
Sends the soul forth: who keeps his truth
And seeks the lost one's grave with a sad joy
And there he writes a well known name in flowers.



APSLY HOUSE—PICCADILLY

Song of the Irish Peasant Wife

Come Patrick clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once – will you frown on me now?
Shall the storm settle here when from Heaven it departs;
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No Patrick, no surely the winteriest weather
Is easily borne – while we bear it together!

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door;
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in Love's early day?
No Patrick, no surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne – so we bear it together!

When you stole out to woo me, when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun, –
Did we care if the sunset was bright – or the flowers
Or if we crept out amid dark'ning and showers?
No Patrick, we talked while we braved the wild weather
And all we could bear – if we bore it together

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky:
Oh! Let not our spirits embittered with pain,
Be closed to the sunshine that comes to us then:

Heart in heart – hand in hand – Let us welcome the
new time
And, sunshine or storm we will bear it together!

HOUSE OF LORDS.

KING'S ENTRANCE, HOUSE OF LORDS

To Elizabeth

Farewell, dear Elizabeth, a heart farewell,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet grove where plenteous dwell,
And tired of life bear fruits of love.
There glory sits on every face;
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues proclaim the grace,
That leads us homeward to the sky.
Shall sadness then have fill our mind?
No, let that hope our bosoms swell,
Then may we smiling look behind
And say to friends and home Farewell.

From your affectionate
Friend
Isabella C. Jones

Island of Cuba, W.I.

1637

Johnstown Aug 25

Dr Lol.

Long long shall
be my yearly pleasure to
gaze on the picture, which
memory paints in the most
vivid colors, of the happy days
I have past in the peace
of the home taught the young
Yoke-fellow - the mate - the friend
word - all that is cheerful
as long as I can appreciate
the inestimable value of true
friendship - And when the
raging waves of the tempestuous
sea of life dash round me

dear Chester me with dan-
ger I will fly back, turn
life by the swift wings of
memory to Chester happy days
and recall the welcome advice
I have received from your lips
When I am sad I'll think on thee
when I'm merry I'll frame to
thought to thee and
when the dark clouds of adver-
sity cast their gloomy shades
on me I'll turn down a
leaf and in the collection of the past
And do I miss you more and
then to think better a true friend
thought of you I'll find some
friend more dear
J. A. H.

Aug 27th 1851. Johnstown.

When once I reach this place, how many changes will have taken place – dear ties severed, associations broken, – before this – appointed 8 years realized – I gaze into the mirror of the future – my eye is too weak to pierce the cloud, and my heart trembles with uncertainty.

C.

The Spell of Home.

By the soft green light in the wood's wide arch,
By the sweet first look of the violet's birth,
By the household thrush through whose liquid song
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the deep green dell, by the wild wood breath
Of the primrose buds in the leafy south,
Home, thy spell was o'er heard at noon!

* * *

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight hallo'd unto hours of mirth;
By the fairy tale of the legend old
Of that king of happy glees [illegible];
By the quiet kiss from beloved lips
On the parting finger's [illegible] ring;
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Home, thy life has the purest been thrown.

* * *

Yes! when the heart on the world runs [illegible]
From the pure first home of its youth away;
When the [illegible]
O'er the flowers it crushes from its path [illegible]
Thou, thou wert of the woody vale,
Of the rushed in the rustling bay made,
Think of the joy of the parents dear,
And the kind [illegible]
[illegible]

The Water Lily

"Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid ballty feminine yet free
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee
The love of woman; persevering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
Mid life's dark sea.

And faith. O is not faith
Like thee too, lily, spreading into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billow's might
Through the storm's breathe?

yes linked with such high thoughts
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And power be wrought."

Epitaph.

"Blest in thy peaceful urn be this
changing soul of life, this clouds of sin,
that intercepts thy light of joy, the waves
roll gently on beneath thy bark of
hope, and bear thee safe to meet in
peace thine Heavenly Father, God."

Elizabeth Rott.

Troy Female Seminary
June 29. 1831.

"true Religion is the deep basis of excellence — Sound Morality — its lofty superstructure — Good Sense, General Knowledge, Smart Feeling, the various faculties of the mind — and unaffected Modesty and Fashionable Accomplishments its chief ornaments". I fear that you, My L., are saying the Superstructure without having laid the true foundation — If so, I must call in the aid of the Master Mason, for first the Division of Time and the Celestial

Your Friends remain March 1841.

WESTMINSTER HALL

"Such kind words touch and pierce with tenderness and love,
Advancing still more closely they are joined;
At length the fight grows one, no difference can be seen;
But, short of two, to hold a single throne! (there are many
only

Use all your force: they yield not to your hand
But firmly in their usual place they stand
While each regards with of the other's power
Whether each fight to unclosed lasts for ever!

"But the hand had been severely
wrung; the victim made
no attempt of flight; the waters which
his feet disturbed declined
entirely over him, and the
spirit of that life for which he
had pleaded so fervently, was
forever with drawn from the
scene of human existence."
Scott.

C. H. Kellogg
Skaneateles.

at, by, on the disparities of the world. They cripple the heart — blind the sense, they encumber the thousand links between man and man, into the basest of earthly ties — servility and pride

Bulwer

When you shun temptation to sin, recoiling from the line at which it ends to the rest of men, and whisper "This may be crime in others but not in thee;" — tremble, sinning just, just to the path you are cured — to turn —

Remember me! Eugene Aram

"Thus there exists no opinions, however rigorous, but what find evasions — no minds, however pacific, but kindle up great political convulsions;"

Wanted you young men to study the
Bible diligently, and the
Holy Spirit by which it was written,
neither can it be understood.

Liberty is like the Kingdom of heaven
it cannot violence, and the violent
take it by force.

Peter Grant

Notes de la Semaine, Mardi 4 Septembre

Dieu est le Maître de tout ce qui existe. Il
fait ce qu'il veut, il peut ce qu'il veut. Il
est tout puissant, il est infini. Il
est éternel. Il est juste. Il est
bon. Il est miséricordieux. Il est
saint. Il est parfait. Il est
heureux. Il est glorieux. Il est
adorable. Il est aimable. Il est
Il est un être unique, distinct de tous les
autres êtres. Il est un être unique.

Il est un être unique, distinct de tous les autres êtres.
Il est un être unique, distinct de tous les autres êtres.
Il est un être unique, distinct de tous les autres êtres.
Il est un être unique, distinct de tous les autres êtres.

La création est la première manifestation de
Dieu à l'homme.

Channing.

Milton's poetry reminds one of the ocean which adds to its own boundless wealth contributions from all regions under heaven.

The great principles of moral truth are now unfolded in this work, as the sentiments of the future object in the east.

Poetry of the highest order combines as it were the essence of many lofty thoughts and condenses it into a single fragrance, bringing together in a scattered beauties and lofty ideas more refined and evanescent joys."

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest
Like the mantle of the dead on the mountains cold breast
To the cataracts roar we love the sound deeply
And the lake where it lies bosom expands to the sky

Souvenez-moi.

Sarah A. E. Curtis

New-York.

It not only gives Knowledge
but Exercises energy.

The Spectator unites in one
the Spectacle is unlike

Sometimes a single word
spoken by the voice of genius
goes far into the heart

Shakspeare & Milton contained
Go to his dictionary.

Shakespeare & Milton the moon
the mixed star

May the soul that shall find sympathy with mine
be one inspired by the same muse
with mine? (like Michael Angelo
in whose hands the marble
must yield to the flexible)
that soften it and give
it tone and infinite
inspiration. A soul so
deep can know no change
true love is always
disinterested & generous

One word of your language
would tell me first
points of character in
intimacy

"a cobbler and his pony
ate a potato out of a pewter
basin with ecstacy."

By the magic of manner
I ——

How eloquence the soul, song
charms the sense,